

how is  
Crum?  
there any  
news of  
Walker?  
I go back  
tonight.

Pelham Arms  
Lovers.

New Years Day. 1911

My Violat.  
Many happy returns of the  
day. The only present I  
have got for you is a picture  
of some cattle, which will  
interest you when you hear  
that the same people use  
them as used them when  
the Domesday Book was written.  
So the guide book says. In  
fact, it is altogether an interesting  
picture, when you think that four

How is Mr.  
Crum? Is  
there any  
news of  
Walker?

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Fidham Arms

Guss.

New Years Day.

1911

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Merry He only present of

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So the friends are interesting  
fact, it is altogether in fact four

picture,

Sp: may be going to take a  
Cottage in the neighbourhood,  
It is a very ugly villa; but  
underneath the den, in a  
Charming village.

We have been spending  
Christmas here, with an  
extremely considerate landlady,  
who is so much struck by  
my incompetence to face life,  
that she always offers to lace  
my boots, & gives me my bath.  
Miss Thomas came down for a  
night, in an interval between  
discharging a woman who wished  
to commit murder, & taking one  
who wants to kill herself.  
Can you imagine living like that? —  
always watching the knives, a

expecting to find bedroom doors locked  
or a corpse in the bath? I said  
I thought it was too great a strain —  
but upheld by Christianity, I believe  
she will do it.

What have you been doing? I  
forgot to tell you that Sophia  
cherishes a passion for Alex, &  
devoured your roots by herself.  
Would you give your blessing to my  
Cottage? I am very much  
tempted to take it, for £19.10 a  
year.

Nessa is with the old Bells,  
who talk of nothing but hockey &  
dill water. However, as it is  
Christmas, they have Champagne for  
dinner, & the managers to get  
slightly tipsy every night. So as  
to think of all a dream. They  
want to call the baby a new  
name, as everyone likes Claudian.  
I'm very much

Electra by the thought of going back &  
writing the work of imagination.  
What a good thing the Quakers  
went be shocked by it — she  
wanted me to write a life of  
Henry the 8th! <sup>NYPL</sup> One  
doesn't really think about her  
much now; that's what comes of  
being a mystic, I believe.  
They fade. But perhaps in Heaven  
they are as solid as brick.  
A great attack was made upon  
my faith this Christmas, & I  
am led to think that Atheists  
are still prosecuted. For instance,  
wishing to read just now, I was  
deigned crazy by a cracked  
Church bell, which didn't peal,  
but merely hammered. Like  
an arrogant & bigoted  
street seller. Then

the congregation sings without  
understanding, & as for the  
psalms, which all the little  
news boys & sword boys, sing,  
I never heard anything ~~so~~ <sup>so</sup> senseless  
in my life. - How  
I suppose it would be too  
rash to burn them all.  
They must have imaginations.  
I am more charitable about  
them than they are about me.

This new year is not  
sanguine. It has been raining  
all the morning, & is now  
so dark - partly because the  
clouds won't pull up - that  
I am writing at 3 by fire light.

In an hour it will be pitch dark.  
A summer night with stars is  
brighter. If you are at  
Longlat, perhaps you have electric  
light, gramophones, telephones, &  
forget the seasons. If Bessie is  
there, give her my love, & tell her to  
write to me; if she want do that,  
to come & see me. What is  
the price of the matting for home at  
the cottage? <sup>NYPL</sup> supervising?

I saw Aunt Maria, who was  
starting for Teneriffe, for winter  
sketching. Colours here to be  
very bright for her to see them;  
what with moss, lichens & sea birds,  
the rock is green, vermillion &  
Chinese white. She is taking  
glasses, like the window panes in  
country public houses; & with  
these she can see stationary objects  
that are not too near & not too far.  
She is a valiant old woman.

WVS.

29,  
Fitzroy Square,  
W.

24<sup>th</sup> Jan 1911

My Violet,

You couldn't have given me a more  
useful & delightful present.  
I've just had to throw away my  
old book stand. This one comes  
like a miracle to replace it.  
You are a wonderful woman!  
Are you in London? Shall I  
come & see you? I'm very  
much excited - furnishing my  
cottage, & staining the floors the  
colour of the Atlantic in a storm.  
Are you well?  
With great affection,  
Yr Sp.

29,  
Fitzroy Square,  
W.

Sunday, 19<sup>th</sup>

July 25<sup>th</sup>

My Violet,

I will come to lunch on Thursday

with Mearns.

I spent yesterday finishing off the cottage.

It's right underneath the doors, & though  
it's only an eyesore, still has a rather

when one's inside. I have one gooseberry

bush; 3 merrills. The cat by some to

from currants.

Come & stay then?

& a W.C.

Shall you ever

There is a Butler,

Yr. YS.

We shall be on the telephone on Tuesday - 797

mayfair.

TELEPHONE,  
7287 CITY.

38,  
Brunswick Square,  
W.C.

March 20 - 1911

My Violet -

Do come to tea on Friday - I am  
so fresh & ask you to come here  
because I now live like the  
Tox wife at the zoo - once a day  
I make an excursion for food -  
otherwise sleep. But as you  
know, there was once a sleeping  
beauty, & some have been  
kind enough to hint - in  
short, I have no objection  
to being kissed.

Friday 4 - 30.

V.S.

29. Fitzroy Sq.

25. May 1911.

Thursday.

My Violet.

It is an age since I heard from  
you. Are you visible? Did  
you hear of our adventures in  
the East? Kessa managed

to bring off a miscarriage in  
Broussa a day's journey from  
Constantinople. I went out,

& found her surrounded by  
males, with a chemist for  
doctor. We had to get

a litter made, & carry her  
stretched on it, through

Constantinople & home by the

Orient Express. It was the oddest  
parody of what we did five years  
ago. Since coming back she  
has recovered, & will set away  
for a bit I hope next week.  
But their holiday was more  
than ruined — all owing to  
the stupidity of a young little  
doctor who ought never to have  
let her start. <sup>NYC.</sup>

I dare say you've heard all  
this, & find it very dull.  
I wish you'd let me come —  
see you, if you are in London.  
I am now just settling to work again.  
after these agitations. I know  
most of the parts of the female inside

by now, but that is useless knowledge in  
my trade, the British public being what it is.  
We have been spending our days going  
to music labels. Today I ran into that  
elongated Miss Penworthy, whose teeth  
continue long after her lip has stopped.  
I suppose that you have gone to Walsingham.  
My cottage is so beautiful that I can  
hardly stay in London. Would one  
be as foolish about one's baby? I  
suppose so. I have now  
entered into a treaty with my widow  
who eats my scraps & cooks at a  
low rate, & also steals flowers off  
the great estate, & gives me a  
great bunch every Monday.  
We had the oddest time abroad.  
I was there for a week. Roger  
put everything down to insanity,  
which was puzzling at first. There

was also a crude Cambridge mathematician,  
who used to draw diagrams of the  
Ovaries on the table cloth, taking it  
for granted that a woman is the  
same shape as a kind of monkey.

Do write & say what has been  
happening. Aunt Minnie hovers  
round, with new glasses, which  
enlarge one eye to the size of a  
cow's. Ah my friends are  
fitting married. We have to go to  
Cambridge on Saturday to see the  
last of me & the Darwins. I did  
my best by indiscreetness to break it off—  
without success!

Yours V.S.

W'd you mind taking me & others  
prospective.